1929

Monks Horne
July 6th Saturday.

133

Dearest,

It seems as if I were resorting to the habits of our ancestors in writing long daily letters. I daresay Aunt Mary, whom you much resemble, spent £100 a year on penny stamps, which would have been for the Kaiser a bagatelle. I am really wanting to finish off the story of Alvi, so far as it goes. I had a long, long, strict reasonable talk with him. Not a word was said about Christabel, but I think the poor woman has undoubtedly done some good. Altogether, he was rather apologetic; & talked much more reasonably, & seemed cheerful & quiet. He laid his case before me — he says the time has come, or well in debate, when he must take action. Either he must marry Josie, & live with her in France; or he must give up the attempt to find anyone, & continue detached in London. We debated the merits of both states very reasonably. Of course there is a good deal to be said, one realises, for a fling at happiness with Josie: He says she suits him very well, is in love with him, though he is not with her. He thinks they could make out a very happy life, for some years; & this is his last chance, & in no other way can he settle down & work. On the other hand, she might divorce him, or he might get bored. Also she is penniless, & after five years he might find he had lost his old friend, & even stranded with an ~~understate~~ uneducated & poverty stricken & aging model. His Dordogne. Again, if he decides to stay on in London, he would be safer, financially; he would keep in touch with Bloomsbury: he might win against some paragon. All this he seemed to realise very clearly, & the dangers & the merits. All will be laid before you, or has been already. I could only advise him to wait, & point out the obvious risks, considering Josie's youth, & lack of book learning. What is

1925

Monks Horton

July 6th Saturday.

133

Dearest,

It seems as if I were resorting to the habits of our ancestors in writing long daily letters. I daresay Aunt Mary, whom for much respected, spent £100 a year on penny stamps, which would have been useful for the Kelps of a brother. I am really writing to finish off the story of Alvie, so far as it goes. I had a long, long, strict reasonable talk with him. Not a word was said about Christabel, but I think the poor woman has undoubtedly done some good. Altogether, he was rather apologetic; & talked much more reasonably, & seemed cheerful & strict. He laid his case before me — he says the time has come, or will in October, when he must take action. Either he must marry Jessie, & live with her in France; or he must give up the attempt to find anyone, & continue detached in London. We debated the merits of both states very reasonably. Of course there is a good deal to be said, one realises, for a fling at happiness with Jessie: He says she suits him very well, is in love with him, though he is not with her. He thinks they could make extra very healthy life, for some years; & this is his last chance, & in no other way can he settle down & work. On the other hand, he might divert him, or he might get bored. Also he is penniless, & after five years he might find he had lost his old friend, a man stranded with an ~~unstable~~ uneducated & poverty stricken & aging model. His Dordogne. Again, if he decides to stay on in London, he would be safer, financially; he would keep in touch with Bloomsbury: he might win against some paragon. All this he seemed to realise very clearly, & the dangers & the merits. All well he said before me, & had been already. I could only advise him to wait, & point out the obvious risks, considering Jessie's youth, & lack of book learning. What is

the truth about her? That is what I dont fathom. She makes her self a lovable peasant girl, who has good wits, great charm, & general competence. I do, much, perhaps this best — only in the back of my mind I feel that she is a figment & will pass like the rest of them. Anyhow, for the time, Clive seemed clear sighted, & under no illusion, & anyone to consider everybody & weigh all reasons.

At this present I went down to Charleston, & who did I see sitting with Vanessa & Old Bonnell on the terrace? Mary! in grey & rose. Mercifully we had not asked Clive down, as we had half meant. We had no private talk. The clutter of toys was prodigious: but Vanessa seems the same story of the Keynes jet. Perhaps I will tomorrow. Here from Tilton. I am very glad about the windows. A thousand thanks. We have a rogue & [illegible] during over in October to furnish. Please get Elsie to clean. I fail that one week down need a refuge out of England. Suzey is becoming a talking horse — Lord Faye had been to Charleston & they showed him into the bathroom, thinking he was the plumber. But he showed no surprise & asked them all to lunch — threatened to call on us, but happily thinks he has not been asked. I found an enchanting letter from Angelica — really & truly — how Saxon did not grant, & talked, & she has been out with Judith to look after horses, & much I fear Mrs. Cart Wright her love & tell her (not personly) not to mourn so much. I am sorry to set her for a day next week — without Bart Judkin.

Both Raymond & Francis thought Clive — to return to him, (& he has just sent us a note to say we must spend next Sunday with him) as London Sundays are two oppressive — they thought Clive much less personal & jaded; & poor Christ. is vindicated. I believe after he got over the first shock, it really has done him something to think about. & if he had a week of shocks he might come to his senses. I am dining there with Christ & Bee — Lord how I shall like seeing Jan!, would Jan like us to motor Jan a A-to /the School?

2/10/68

Nov 20
1929 52 T. S.

I have just bought 4 joist Jacks & 2 Carp.

124

Dolphin;

Here is the bill that has just come for Bondard. I don't think that is all right, but perhaps you would like just looking at it & sending it back. It doesn't include the ceiling & the other window what you were about, apparently. I can't remember what he said the cost would be. My pigeonboard apparently was put on a ship that is going by way of Algiers &

I forgot to say that I thought your cover 124v
most attractive – but what a shame you'll
came by the hands of the clock at that
precise hour! People will say – but there's no room

Antwerp, but will arrive in time.
Would you tell Quentin that
I expect him to lunch on
Friday at one; but, as
I haven't heard from him
since I expect he's away,
& so he mustn't hurt off.
Karin on her account. And
finally would you tell Julian
that thanks to his oil the car
broke all records coming up
this morning.
I'm in London, & a
damned fine day.
And when shall I see you. B

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

I suppose you are seeing Italian pictures—how odd—suddenly reading a completely new Shakespeare. Milton 2 I don't know who

You with me
Jazed—Think of
Roger.

Monks House,

Monday
30 Dec
29.

125a

Dearest Dolphin;

What should we find at the Sale, coming back to tea a Saturday in the rain, but a
Seedy Grey Rolls-Royce: with the detestable
Edgar, & the Keynes'. I don't see that ones
friends have any right to mutilate one's life in
this way. Here I was bored to take the cinders
off Bloomsbury Gossip with Lydia—it was an
insult—a murderous act—one has no remedy.
They had a bag of Crumbets, which Maynard
steeped in butter & made Lydia toast. Its this
kind of tallow grease slowness in him that one
dislikes. But of course I admit they were
amiable in the extreme—But then, curse them, we
have to lunch at Tilton tomorrow. Leonard (?
escaped for an hour this morning—he says,
we are mobs (crapfeasts: he says (but this is
confidential) Clive in his present state is worse: &
so on. However I must stick to facts.

(1) Could we come to tea a Saturday? because

we are going up on Sunday morning. If that is impossible, perhaps we could come in on Sunday early & go on — but there will be rush & confusion & chaos — Let me know.

(2) Don't bring the trays.) will keep them in London now tho) come down again: Could you put them where I can get them?

(3) We shall be delighted for you to have a Pitcher. No doubt Phelps could take it off & dispatch it. *

(4) Here, at last, is the cheque for the chair. Please go & buy it at once. As I said, Maples seems to me an adequate. In the secondhand, as my Islington shops at the moment.

(5) Yes: we will keep TYPL the 18th against every temptation — afternoon. Thursday.

(6) Do let me see the Letter. I think Julian would be the right person to say if they are interesting in personally. Perhaps one might add others — to Leonard (he has some boxes) & to Lytton. I don't think I had better write anything, after what you said. Because they seemed to me, the other night, purely historic Cambridge: Lytton a Clive would be much better. Anyhow the cost of printing would be much. But we must go into the matter.

There — I think that's all the business transacted. —

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* Let me know, as he is coming here, & I could give instructions

there is really no more to say – except that, should you be seeing Roger, you might remark that we haven't any worms ready – which is the last he asked of us we could come; & I never wrote.

What I want to do is to go to Boulard for April & May: & Italy for June: then to come here. I feel more & more unhebeled & irritated by London life: Hell-to meher closing in – Society, Ottoline, Beach wants, a beautiful & brilliant young woman of his, – perhaps Peter – all have the same next week: & what's the point? there one can't in the Jenner – read. Even I can't write an occasional sentence about a Moth: (oh curse you for having invented them!) all the processes of life. Even in spelling rain, are pleasurable. One has no Nelly – no Lottie – no Mrs Manstead. Domestic life translates itself with perfect simplicity. Directly I go back I am badgered & wounded: a thousand sucking vampires attach themselves to my nobs, & I snatch up Milton once in a

blue moon, & about ask the reading for pleasure,
I ever do. And that reminds me, who is
Mrs Grants Constance Llewellyn? I have a
mad letter from a so-called woman, in which she
says that she has 4 children, no money, & 2
has been 14 weeks in a nursing home. Well I
therefore write & advise her how to bring up her
eldest girl, Hermione, who longs to write but
is not clever, because they know Mrs Grant
whom they love, with whom they stay, whom I am
said to know. Is she a lunatic? a raging
pest, or what?

Well; if I stayed longer here I should flood you
at once with letters. NYPL The brooches illegibly
conveyed the child's fervour of love & eyes to me—
I daresay they were ugly: but Queen Anne is
said to have worn them (only to beg Mr Jowde)
I want to live at least 2 months in France where the
Anemones are — hear some 24 nightingales & do sliding
in & out of the bays — but even though we have had the
Easton (I had the divine pleasure of telling Maynard
that it can't be worse under Harold than under
Herbert) the pen remains; & A. has taken against
Carrie & so) that never dear me house, except perhaps
for one week. However I will lay all this at your
feet, when ever. God knows, we meet.
I sent Angelica some toffee — I
rather suspect Quinney
never sent it

HAMILL 2/10/68

(1929)

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Marie ~~said~~ may I engage
the big tray with the square
£5.5

the red tray £2.2.

& the small round purple
tray (which Leonard
wants to buy)
£1-5

Whom do we pay?
When can we have?
There's no need for you to come a
Wednesday to Islington unless you
like – as you could see the
Chairs any time – only I think
I must go then. I'll wait till

Can ring up on Wed. morning
Barbados

NYPL

HAMILTON 2/10/64

Monday.

Dearest

I have slight symptoms of
headache, so do you think
you & Roger would come to
tea on Wednesday not
Tuesday, & could we have
the picnic on Friday
instead of Wednesday.
If we don't hear we
shall understand that
this is all right & much

135

look forward to seeing you.
of course I am bring more
careful than is necessary

Yr B

NYPL

HAMILTON 2/10/66